

# The Arcadia Mercantile Company

## NOT HURT BY THE FIRE

We wish to say to our friends and customers, that our stock of merchandise was practically unhurt during the recent fire that visited this city, and that we now, as before, carry one of the largest, the best and most complete stocks in South Florida. During the fire we trusted the brick buildings which we occupied, instead of moving out, and we are glad to say that the buildings stood the test, and we are here with stock of goods unhurt by moving and which is constantly being replenished by the best the market can afford.

When our November business, a year like this, proves to be the largest we have ever had, it causes thanks to our customers and friends their liberal support, and it proves to the public that the proper place for Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Trunks, Hardware, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Hay and Grain, is at

# The Arcadia Mercantile Company's

## FIFTY-NINTH CONGRESS

IS NOW IN SESSION.

### The Opening on Monday With- out Unusual Incident—Flow- ers Entirely Absent.

Washington, D. C.—The assembling of the fifty-ninth congress for its first session was marked by no unusual incident, but attracted a crowd of visitors to Washington, who took a lively interest in the proceedings.

The day was perfect, and the air keen.

A noticeable feature was the absence of flowers in both chambers.

The senate adopted a resolution in the last session, barring such tributes and an order from speaker Cannon kept them from the house.

The senate held only a minute session and adjourned for the day in respect for the late Senator Platt, of Connecticut.

Four senators took the oath of office before adjournment of the day.

The house organized by the reelection of Joseph C. Cannon, as speaker.

The members took the oath of office, the rules of the last congress were adopted and the members drew for the choice of seats.

The house adjourned after a three and a half hour session on account of the death of Senator Platt and Representative Marshall, of Illinois.

### IMPORTANT MEASURES

Press, public and politician are agreed that rate legislation constitutes the most important problem of the fifty-ninth congress, beginning today, to solve, and an issue is clearly defined. The president insists that power to fix a maximum rate, to take effect within a reasonable time, be conferred on some administrative body. His opponents, led by Senator Foraker, insist that additional safeguards to those already provided by law be vested in courts. Around these propositions the battle will be fought. Victory is too remote to permit of prediction. The house will readily acquiesce in the revolt program. The real struggle will come in the senate, and that body realizes the hold the president has on the people, and is slow therefore to move openly and aggressively against him.

The Panama canal will probably engage public attention from the first day, for the mix-up in the canal affairs requires immediate attention.

Then comes insurance. Senator Dryden will reintroduce his bill seeking government control of insurance business. His measure is looked on with distrust, because he is an insurance man, and the demand for supervision seems to have emanated from insurance companies.

Tariff revision was expected to furnish most of the fireworks, but President Roosevelt assures his confidantes that he did not care to dim the railroad issue with the fires of revision.

### The Hope of Misfortune.

Pain is a soul tonic. Sorrow often brings out the best there is in us. Happiness does not develop character. It gives it surface brightness and decks it with prismatic bubbles. It takes the deep reaching arm of misfortune to trouble the depths and bring out the pearls that lie there. The most magnetic faces are lined by thought and noble care. Strong, unselfish love, even if misplaced and unappreciated, ennobles the lover. It is the frivolous, vanity born emotions that fritter away character and make faces insignificant. To fall in high aim after earnest and honest effort is not failure. The gain it brings in strength and discipline will appear in other directions. Misfortune has often in the history of the world been the means of making a poet, orator, philanthropist, scientist or statesman out of a person whose career but for the misfortune or physical disability would have been commonplace and influence limited.—Medical Talk.

### The Gloomings.

The "gloomings" is by origin akin to gloom. The root idea is to look covertly from beneath the brows not with full open eyes, and so the glooming is that time of day when the sun, sinking below the horizon, shines obscurely under the advancing shades of night, as eyes may gleam dimly from lowering brows.

Byron, the poet, wrote, "As glooming, the Scottish word for twilight, has been recommended by many literary men and particularly by Dr. Moore in his letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony."

The evening star is called the "glooming" star in Scotland, and Lowell's "The snow had begun in the glooming" and Hogg's "Twixt the glooming and the morn, when the kye come hame," are familiar instances of its use.

### Rice as a Soporific.

"If people would eat plenty of rice they would not need drugs to make them sleep," said a New York drug clerk, pausing for a moment in putting up a sleeping potion for a woman.

"There is much said about rice as a strengthening food, but few Americans know that it has soporific powers. If properly cooked it has. Rice should be washed many times until the water no longer appears milky. It should then be soaked a few hours, salted and boiled rapidly about thirty minutes. When cooked in this way it can be eaten each day with relish, and the person who eats it sleeps well and dreams not at all."

### Gaston's Point of View.

"Ze American, ah, he iss a very funny man. He know nothing but ze dollar. He have love of beauty or art. He do not care for it."

"What's in your mind, Gaston?"

"Today I see a beautiful lady, clever, distingue, magnificent. She is with a man, an American. I go to him. I say, 'Pardon, monsieur, what iss ze lady's name?' The gentleman he say, 'That's my business. Bah! Beesness, beesness, all de time. He was a rude man.'—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### Paint of a Bishop.

Of Bishop Bathurst, who was a great whist player, it is related that on hearing the name of a new appointment in the chapter there was wrung from him the passionate exclamation, "I have served the Whigs all my life, and now they send me down a canon who doesn't know clubs from spades!"—London Mail.

### Mental Effort.

"It is stated," we observe to the bald-headed man, "that the hair of mental workers falls out sooner than that of men in other lines of endeavor. Is your profession one of great mental effort?"

"It certainly is," he replied. "I compose the glowing advertisements of hair tonics."—Judge.

### Curiosity Satisfied.

Mr. Oldboy (tentatively)—If a man were, say, fifty and the woman of his choice about twenty, do you think that would lead to an unhappy marriage? Miss Young—I think it would be more likely to lead to a rejected proposal.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## A NEW SPECIES

[Original.]

"Countess," roared the baron, "I congratulate you on getting rid of a husband."

"Baron," snarled the countess, "I congratulate you on getting rid of a wife."

"Never again," added the baron, "shall a woman set foot on my domain."

"Any man trespassing on mine," replied the countess, "shall be whipped off like a profligate cur."

The countess' husband had eloped with the baron's wife, the baron being left with an infant son, Ernest; the countess with an infant daughter, Wilhelmina. Both parents kept their word besides keeping their children carefully guarded and always at home, so that each grew up without a sight of one of the opposite sex.

One day when Ernest was twenty, growing restive under his father's watchfulness, he stole away and rode to the verge of the estate. Suddenly he started. A creature such as he had never seen before, seated on horseback, with a falcon on its wrist, was looking at him with an astonishment equal to his own.

"It's a creature come down from heaven," he exclaimed.

"What a beautiful animal!" said the object of his interest. "It wears clothes something like a human being."

Ernest spurred his horse to the wall for a closer view. The girl reined back a few paces.

"I wonder if it can talk," said Ernest. "I'll try."

"Are you an angel?" he asked.

"No, I'm a girl."

"On what do they feed you? Flowers?"

"No; I eat what other people eat. I didn't know there were such fine animals in the world as you."

"You think me a high grade brute?"

"Yes; else you would not have hair on your face."

"You must be divine, for man is the highest created living thing on earth, and you are of a finer type than man."

Ernest dismounted and sat upon the wall. After a good deal of persuasion Wilhelmina was induced to go and sit by him, but not till he had convinced her that he would not bite her. He touched her soft cheek with his hand; she ran her fingers through his silky beard.

"How nice your cheek is with no hair on it," he said.

"But yours is so much stronger."

"The curves of your body—how symmetrical!"

"Yours show more power."

"Somehow I feel a desire to place my lips against your cheek."

"Try it and see what it's like."

He placed his lips upon her cheek and repeated the experiment several times.

"It's delightful," he said. "I wonder what would be the effect if I were to put my lips against yours?"

"I don't know."

He tried it a great many times. "It's heavenly!" he exclaimed. "How fortunate that you have no hair on your face!"

"How fortunate that you have," she replied.

"This arm of mine exactly fits the curves of your waist."

"You are more splendid than the rising sun," she whispered.

"And you are lovelier than the moon on a summer night."

She did not reply at once. He supposed she was thinking of another companion for his splendor. He was mistaken.

"Would you mind saying that again?" she asked.

He said it again, then said something more of the same kind, then more and more, pausing at last for breath.

"If you're not tired I'd like you to go on," she said.

Meanwhile Ernest had been missed by his father and Wilhelmina by her mother. Suddenly both parents appeared, coming from opposite directions.

"Oh, father," exclaimed Ernest, "I've discovered an angel!"

"A devil!" growled the baron. Ernest looked at the countess, Wilhelmina at the count.

"Mother, dear," said Wilhelmina, "I've caught the most beautiful animal in the world, a new species. Send for a chain and collar. I'm going to take it home."

"He'll go mad and bite you," snapped the countess.

"He's ugly. I'll chain him in his kennel."

Meanwhile the count was arguing with his son.

"Foolish boy! Don't you know that this is a woman, the most venomous thing on earth? Her very breath is poisonous."

"It's an intoxicating poison. I'd like to breathe it again."

"She will make you what she considers you—her dog."

"I'd be glad to be her worm."

The baron was discouraged. "Countess," he said, "the game's up."

"What shall we do, baron?"

"Marry the young fools and let them work out their own misery."

With difficulty the young people were parted, Wilhelmina begging her mother to permit her to take Ernest home and keep him under the table in her boudoir. Ernest wished to place Wilhelmina in the chapel and say his prayers to her.

The pair were married, though they knew nothing of the meaning of the ceremony. Ernest did not object, because he knew no reason why he should. Wilhelmina was delighted, because they told her it would secure to her her new possession and he could not get away.

To the chagrin of their parents they lived happily together.

F. A. MITCHEL.

### Hospitality Abroad.

Hospitality has long been reckoned among the virtues of this nation, but how very virtuous Americans are in this respect is probably not realized even by them till they go to other countries and experience the hospitality offered there. Of course, the Englishman, being our own flesh and blood, is given to hospitality almost up to the American standard, although "come and lunch with me" is apt to be the extent of his invitation to a male American on the other side. The American in Paris knows that foreigners receive few invitations to breakfast or dinner from the Parisian. French people do a good deal of entertaining, but it is largely confined to the circle of their relatives, among whom a degree of devotion exists that Americans can hardly understand. In Italy a cup of afternoon tea marks the wildest flight of hospitality that the visiting American is often asked to consider. An amusing story is told of an Italian aristocrat—a very great man—inviting a German nobleman to come and drink coffee after dejeuner!

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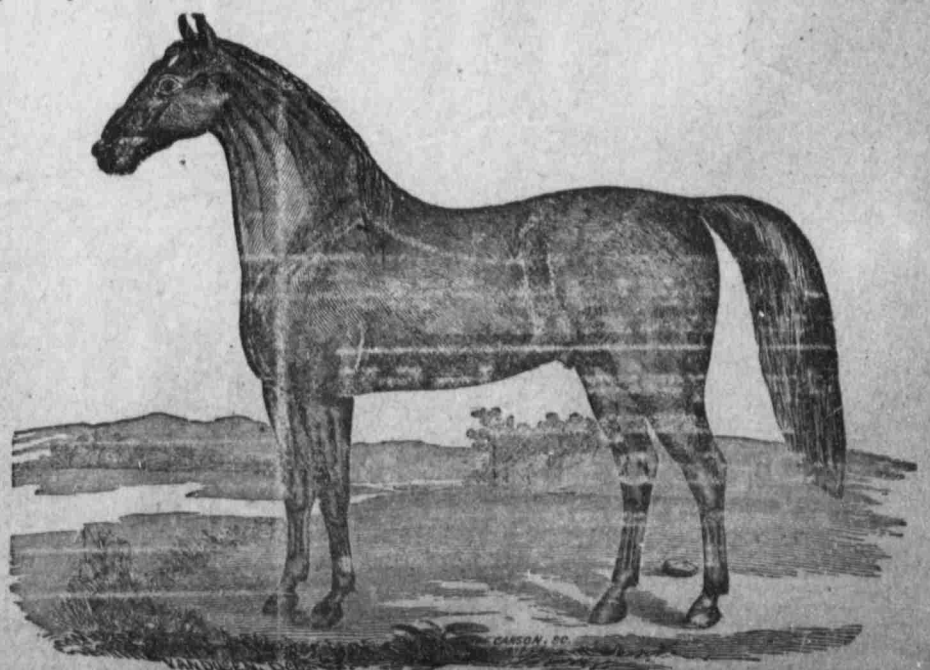
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